

M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

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E. A. BRATTON EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Feb. 21, 1854. 150

THE LADY AND THE ROBBERS.

In a charming village, situated in a truly romantic country, but at a considerable distance from the high road, Baron R— was accustomed to spend the summer. His mansion, built on an eminence, was perfectly adapted to his fortune. It was a spacious building, elegant within and without, and displayed a good style of architecture. It was about 200 paces from the village.

Business obliged the Baron to take a journey of a few days. His wife, a young and beautiful woman—scarcely twenty years of age—remained at home. He took with him two of his servants, and two others were left with the baroness. No violation of the public security had ever been heard of in that part of the country; and as the baroness did not belong to the timid portion of her sex, the idea of danger was far from entering her mind.

The second evening after the baron's departure, as she was stepping into bed, she heard an alarming noise in an apartment near the chamber. She called, but received no answer. The noise, screaming and confusion, grew louder every minute. She was at a loss to conceive what was the matter, and hastily putting on a garment, went to the door to discover the cause.

What a horrid spectacle presented itself! Her two servants, half naked, were extended lifeless on the floor!!! The room was full of strange and ferocious-looking men, the baroness's chambermaid was kneeling before one of them—and instead of the mercy she implored, received the fatal stroke. No sooner did the door open, than two of the barbarians, with drawn swords, rushed towards it. What man—not to say what woman—would not have been struck with the utmost terror—and have given up life, and every thing as lost! A loud shriek of despair—a flight of a few paces—would, probably, be the last rest resource of many.—the baroness, however, conducted herself in a different manner.

"And you have come at last!" exclaimed she, with a tone of heart-felt joy, and advancing towards her two assailants, with a haste which highly astonished them both, and fortunately stopped their uplifted weapons.

"Are you come at last!" repeated she, "such visitors as I have long wished to see."

"Wished," muttered one of the assassins. "What do you mean by that? but stay, I will—"

He had already raised his cutlass, but his comrade averted the stroke:—"Stop a moment, brother," said he, "let us first hear what she would have."

"Nothing, but what is your pleasure, brave comrades. You have made charming work here, I see. You are men after my own heart, and neither you nor I shall have any reason to regret it, if you will listen for two minutes to what I have to say."

"Speak! speak!" cried the whole company.

"But be quick," added one of the fiercest of them, "for we shall not make much ceremony with you, either."

"Nevertheless, I hope you may, if you but grant me hearing. Know, then, that I am to be sure, the wife of the richest gentleman in the country—but the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more unhappy than I am. My husband is one of the most jealous and niggardly wretches on the earth. I hate him as I hate the—, and it has long been the fervent wish of my heart to get out of his clutches, and at the same time to pay him off old scores.—All my servants were his spies—and that fellow, whose business you have done so completely, was the worst of them all. I am scarcely twenty-two, and as I flatter myself, at least not ugly, if any of you choose to take me along with you, I will accompany him to the woods or to the village alehouse. Nor shall any of you have reason to repent sparing my life. You are in a well-stored mansion, but it is impossible you should be acquainted with all its secret corners. These I will show you, and if I do not make you richer by 6,000 dollars, then serve me as you have done my chamber-maid."

Robbers of this kind are certainly villains, but, nevertheless, they are still men. The wholly unexpecting tendency of the baroness's address—added to the unaffected tone with which she spoke, and the more than ordinary beauty of the female—altogether produced a powerful effect on men whose hands were yet reeking with the blood they had shed. They all stepped aside, and consulted together in a low tone, for some minutes. The baroness was left quite alone, but she betrayed not the least wish to escape. She heard two or three times express themselves: "Let's despatch her and the game will be up." She however, scarcely changed her color, for opposition of the others did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of the banditti, now advanced towards her.

He asked twice or thrice whether he might rely on the truth of what she said—whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband and go with them, and whether she was ready to resign herself to one of them, to himself, for instance, during the few peaceful days they could enjoy!

Having replied in the affirmative to all those questions—having not only suffered the warm embrace of the robber, but returned it—for what will not necessity excuse? he at length said,

"Come along, then, and lead us round. The—trust you ladies of rank, but we'll venture for once. But let me tell you, beforehand, that were you ten times as handsome, this weapon shall cleave your skull the moment we see the least disposition to escape or betray us."

"Then it will be safe enough—and were this the only condition of my death, I should outlive you all, and even the wandering Jew himself." The baroness smiled when she pronounced these words, hastily snatched up the nearest light, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect the plunder and be gone, conducted the whole company through every apartment; opened, unasked, every door, every drawer and every chest; assisted in emptying them and packing up the valuables; looked with the utmost indifference over the mangled bodies; spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each of the horrid troops; and willingly aided, with her delicate hands, in the most laborious occupation.

Plate, money, jewels, and other valuables were now collected together, and the captain of the banditti was already giving the order for the march, when his destined bride suddenly caught him by the arm. "Did I not tell you," said she, "that you should not repeat making a friend of me, and sparing my life? You may, indeed, have your fling in places you find open; but it is a pity you cannot come at treasures that are a little concealed. What do you suppose that among coffers so full of the most valuable effects there are no secret places? Look here, and then you will be convinced to the contrary." She pointed to a secret spring in the baron's writing-desk. She pressed upon it, and out fell six rouleaus, each containing two hundred dollars.

"Zounds!" cried the leader of the robbers, "now I see you are an incomparable woman. I will keep you for this like a duchess."

"And, perhaps, better still," replied she, laughing, "when I tell you of one thing more. I am well aware that you must have spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant—but they did not tell you of the four hundred guineas he received yesterday?"

"Not a syllable: where are they?"

"O, safe enough under half a dozen locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest, had it not been for me. Come along comrades we have finished above ground, and now we'll see what is to be done under it. Come along with me, I say, into the cellar."

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, provided with a strong trap-door, a man was posted as sentinel. The baroness did not take the least notice of this.

She conducted the whole troop to a vault at the farthest extremity of the cellar. She unlocked it, and in the corner of this recess stood the chest she had described. "Here," said she, giving the captain a bunch of keys, "here, unlock it, and take what you find as a wedding gift, if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine."

The robber tried one key after another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the baroness seemed still more so.

"Lend me them," said she, "I shall find you sooner. Indeed, if we don't make haste, the morning might overtake us. Ha! only think, the reason—neither of us could unlock it is clear enough. As welcome as your visit is to me, yet I have no scruples to confess that the arrival of great pleasure has hurried me a little. I have brought the wrong bunch of keys. A moment's patience, and I'll soon set things to rights."

She ran up stairs, and presently they heard her coming down; but she went slowly, as if out of breath with the haste she had made. "I've found them!" cried she, at a distance. She was within about three steps of the person placed at the entrance of the cellar, when she made a spring at the wretch, who as little expected the dissolution of the world as such an attack. A single push with her strength tumbled him down the stairs from the top to the bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap door, bolted it, and thus had the whole company secured in the cellar. This was the work of a single moment. In the next she flew across the court-yard, and with a candle set fire to a detached pigsty. The watchman in the neighboring village, perceiving the flames, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The baroness waited for them at the gate of the court-yard. "A few of you," said she, "will be sufficient to put out this fire, or prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armory. Post yourselves at the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of

the murderers and robbers shut up in it to escape."

Her directions were obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due to his crimes.

The Clerk's Wife.

A merchant's clerk, of the Rue Hauteville, recently married. His master had a niece, of Spanish birth, an orphan. She is not pretty, though very sensible and well-informed. At the balls, last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed, she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination or amusement, as she seldom ever danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man, he acted accordingly. The incidents that led to the denouement may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He astonished, gave his clerk's proposal a very cool reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on Tuesday. The Thursday after breakfast, Adeline said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being compelled to return to the duties of his office thus early in the honeymoon.

"Very well—don't go there—go there no more!"

"My love, it is very easy to say so, but—"

"Easy to say, and easy to do—both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office work for you if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is, husband, that you neglect nothing."

AFTER-DINNER ENJOYMENT OF A ROMAN EMPEROR.

Caligula must have been a most unpleasant man to dine with. He entertained himself and his guests with the sight of men tortured on the rack, and he got up private executions on these occasions to enliven the scene. We read of her Majesty's concerts, and how "Mr. Anderson" presided at the piano. But the Romans only heard of their Emperor's killing in fun, to frighten his guests with, and how his divinity's private headman, Nigier Barbaus, performed as usual, with his well-known dexterity. His frolics were of a really frightful character. It was after a banquet, when the capital jest of slaying had failed to make him as merry as usual, that he rushed to the sacrificial altar, attired in the dress of a victim-killer, that is, with a linen apron for his sole costume. He seized the mallet as though he were about to slay the appointed victim, but he turned suddenly round on the resident official, and butchered him instead. And there at all who had witnessed the frolicsome deed of their master declared that "Fore Jove, 'twas a more capital joke than the last!" His answer to the consuls who ventured to ask the cause of a burst of laughter in which he indulged at a crowded feast is well known. "I laugh to think," said the amiable creature, "that with one wave of my hand I can sweep all your stupid heads off!" His method of loving was equally characteristic. He would swing his terrible arm round the fair neck he professed to admire, and express his delight that he could cut it off when he pleased. "There was a brilliant Cesonia; (I can't tell," said her imperial lover at a feast, "why is it that I am so fond of that girl. I'll have her put on the rack for a quarter of an hour, that she may be compelled to tell me the reason."

Bluebeard was the mildest of Quaker gentlemen compared with this Caligula. A lady might as well have been wooed by a boar-constrictor.

GRAFTING CEMENT.—Three parts good rosin, two parts bees-wax and one part of beef tallow. Melt in an iron pipkin, and pour into cold water. Oil the hands, and work the mass thoroughly, the same as shoemakers manipulate their wax, and when the water is fully expelled, and the wax assumes a light golden or whitish hue, it is fit for use.

Wax made in this way will adhere to the trees for two or three years; it is hard enough not to be materially affected by heat, and sufficiently pliant not to crack or peel off in cold weather.—For covering the stumps of amputated trees, and wounds caused by accidents, this cement is possessed of great value. Every farmer should keep a quantity on hand, to be used when wanted.

A lawyer having some legal business to transact with a widow lady, took occasion to inquire her name. The matron, who had long since doffed the widow's weeds, attempted to look prim and much younger than she really was, as she replied—

"Thirty-five years, sir."

Then turning to the daughter, he said:

"May I be so bold, Miss, as to inquire your age?"

"Certainly. I am a little past thirty-two, most three years younger than

mother."

Down with the Local Taxes.—Democrat, to the Rescue!

"We have to administer the government with vigilant integrity and strict economy,"—President Pierce's Message.

"An exercise by the General Assembly by the power granted by the Constitution, to restrict the taxation by the authorities of cities and incorporated villages, as well as of county commissioners, thereby preventing the abuse of such power."—Ohio Democratic Platform, 1855.

The President states as above the general proposition; and the Democracy responded to it by a specific recommendation. The last is a legitimate deduction from the first. If there is one subject to which Democrats have given special heed, it is the doctrine of economy and accountability in the money matters as connected with the government. In national affairs, the Independent Treasury is the monument which overshadows all other propositions ever made to secure these objects. In our domestic affairs in Ohio, we have had a rigid economy practiced by the Democratic Administration. If there is any complaint made against the present officers, and especially Mr. Auditor Morgan, it is the unwearied vigilance with which he guards the treasury. Complaints are not made, as was the case with Auditor Woods, of drawing money from the treasury in defiance of law, or by a loose construction of law. But the only complaints made of the present Auditor is that as regards friend and foe, he has been only true to the dictates of his own judgment and the interests of the State. Such complaints we have heard from Democrats and Whigs. But the people prefer to have errors made, if any, in their favor, than in favor of a system which would in time beget an irresponsible and loose mode of auditing the public accounts.

The taxes as levied by the State, as we have shown, have been as reasonably and economically levied and applied as the utmost capaciousness could wish.—the school fund is large; but when that matter is suggested for a reduction, who advocates it? It was reduced somewhat by the late Legislature—one-half mill of the levy—though by the increased amount of the taxable property on the duplicate, the same amount will be raised. Still, we do not find Whigs demanding a reduction of this tax. All who have demanded it are Democrats, and this is significant, as showing what party is continually watchful over the taxing system.

Again: The last Legislature only raised as much as would pay the interest of the State debt, and to equip the Sinking Fund according to the constitution, to reduce the principal of that debt. Who objects to this tax? Whigs? No. They will not ask the State to repudiate. Democrats had a controversy about the amount to be levied, so as to sink the principal more or less rapidly. They finally agreed to levy as little as the constitution required. But was there ever any question about the propriety of levying at least this much? Whigs could not object to it any more than they could to the annual appropriations for the new State House; for they were, if not altogether, at least greatly responsible for the State debt and State House.

Now, take from the State debt, the School Fund and the fund for the State debt, and what remains of the State levy? Look to the year 1852, and you will find that for the support of the State Government, including legislative, judiciary and executive departments, benevolent institutions, penitentiary, new lunatic asylums, State House, &c., only \$593,396.

If any one wants further to analyze this amount, let them strike of for objects unnecessary and improper. Shall the rogues run at large, and the Penitentiary be razed? Shall our benevolent institutions, now meagrely and meanly supported, be further beggared? Shall the State House remain a monument of a grand attempt and a pitiful fulfillment? Now, let the ignorant babblers about Locofoco extravagance look to the other items of the tax of 1852, which was the heaviest year.

The whole tax was..... \$7,823,805
Deduct for State purposes..... 593,396
which leaves..... \$7,230,409

Where did this immense sum go to? Who levied it? The State debt and interest amounted to \$1,186,703. The school levy \$1,246,133. The rest of it must be referred to county, township, poor, bridge, building, railroads, corporation, special school, and school house purposes, &c. The great body of this has been levied directly by the people or their more immediate agents and municipalities. It does not attach to the State authorities.

The relative proportion for the past year is not greatly altered, except that the State taxes are reduced. Where, then, is the burden of our taxation? The resolution of the Democratic State Convention above quoted points to it, as well as to the remedy. The taxation levied by the authorities of cities and villages, as well as counties—this is the burden. Some part of this burden can be remedied by more stringent restrictive legislation. But a great part of it is utterly remediless. Debts created for expensive town halls like that at the Ashtabula county seat; for railroad loans, like that in Muskingum county, etc., must be paid, and the interest on them met punctually.

Some of our Whig papers have within a few days boasted of Western credit, because it had met the interest on the long list of bonds issued for a thousand and one purposes. Yet the same papers stultify themselves by complaining of the immense taxation levied to pay this interest, and without which wholesale repudiation by the local authorities would have ensued.

The Legislature to be elected this fall must be Democratic, if for no other reason than to examine and restrict the reckless license taken by towns, townships and counties in their local levies. It must, regardless of the clamors of Whig office-holders, hunters and jobbers, apply the knife to the rotten limb. Let Cincinnati set the example; Cleveland is already alive to its importance.—Zanesville—Oh! how that tax-ridden place is in need of the axe at the root of its Whig tax upas. Dayton—will our friends of the Empire please analyze the local taxes there? We shall attend to the counties in their order, following our previous plan. But we suggest to every Democratic editor in Ohio, to place this resolution AGAINST LOCAL TAX AT THE MAST HEAD, and never desert the principle contained in it until we free the State from the execrable oppressions of our local authorities.

Let our cry henceforth be: "DOWN WITH THE LOCAL TAXES! OUT WITH THE LOCAL WHIG GALLIES! UP WITH THE BANNER OF ECONOMY IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT!"—Statesman & Democrat.

Distressing Shooting Affair.

Last night about 10 o'clock, a shooting affair, which will probably result in death, took place in front of the National Theatre. The circumstances of the case, as near as we could learn, are as follows: Mr. Charles Ormsby, one of the head clerks in the National Telegraph, is engaged to be married to a highly respectable young lady of this city; and, understanding that a young man named Thomas Jennings, son of Mr. C. Jennings, merchant tailor, Main street, had circulated reports calculated to reflect upon the character of his betrothed, proceeded to the Theatre, where young Jennings was invited by him out of doors. Ormsby asked Jennings if he had made his boasts in public that he had seduced Miss— Jennings replied, "I did." Whereupon Ormsby drew a pistol and, placing it to Jennings' head, the force of the explosion tore off a portion of his upper lip, and shattered his nose. The wounded man was immediately conveyed to the Woodruff House, and assistance of Drs. Foster and Wood called, but, up to the last hour, it was not ascertained where the ball had lodged, and the condition of Jennings was such as to render his recovery very doubtful.

Deputy Marshal John Gray was within a few feet of the parties when the occurrence took place, and instantly arrested Ormsby. He made no resistance, and on his way to the station-house stated to the officer that Jennings had seduced his wife, and admitted that he shot him. He further said, "I do not care if I am hung—he has ruined me." He gave up the pistol, and on arriving at the station-house (fainted, and after being restored was locked up to await an examination, which will probably take place to-morrow morning.

Both Ormsby and Jennings are young men who are well known in this city, and are of the highest respectability.—Cincinnati Enquirer Jan. 14.

One of the pioneers of Ohio, Hon. Wm. Rufus Putnam, died on the 1st inst., at Marietta. He was a son of Gen. Rufus Putnam, who established the first permanent settlement of whites in Ohio. He was born in Rutland, Mass., in 1771, and was 83 years of age at the time of his death. He graduated at Yale College, and in 1801, was a representative of Washington county in the territorial Legislature. He served several terms in each House of the Legislature, after the organization of the State.

COMBAT BETWEEN AN ALLIGATOR AND A GAR.—The Mobile Tribune relates a fight which took place some time ago in a quiet lake near Chautauk Bluff, between an alligator and gar, in which the latter singular fish came off victorious, having chawed the leg, and with his sharp teeth cut the throat of his antagonist. We are told the curious fact that the surface for a wide space around was covered with every species of fish and a number of alligators, all seemingly attracted by the noise made by the combatants, and spell-bound in contemplating the conflict.

ANOTHER VETO.—Governor Bigler has vetoed the bill relieving the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Company from fines to the amount of \$70,000, incurred by those companies passing small notes contrary to the small note law of Pennsylvania.

It is said that Daniel Ullman was denounced by one speaker as a trucking, falsehearted political hack, at the Know Nothing Convention now in session at Schenectady, New York. The new party, from all accounts, is in a terrible snarl in the Empire State.

MR. CHANDLER OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—Mr. Chandler occupied the attention of the House for an hour yesterday upon the temporal power of the Pope of Rome. As Mr. Chandler is a Roman Catholic, and gentleman of elevated morality and undoubted talents, he was listened to with marked interest. In terms of the "strongest earnestness and emphasis he denied the charge that the Roman Catholics owe any allegiance to the Pope as a temporal power. On this point he spoke with an eloquence and power which called forth an exhibition of applause in the House which has been but seldom witnessed. Mr. Chandler's remarks, sustained by abundant historical evidence, ought to put to rest the charge, so freely made, that Roman Catholics owe temporal allegiance to the Pope.—Washington January 12.